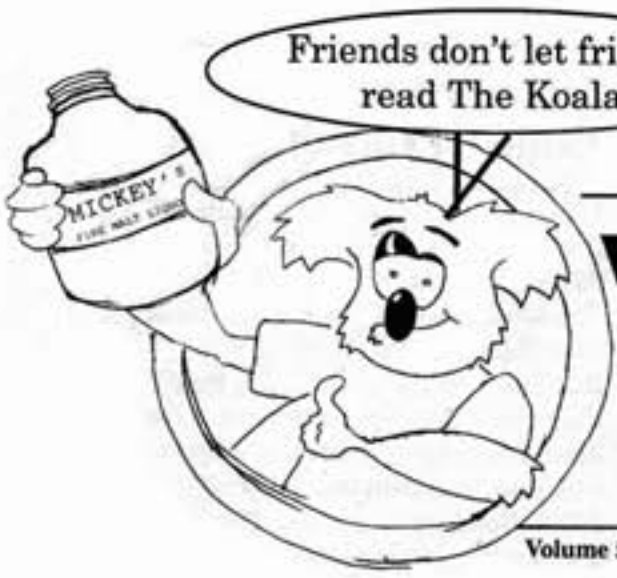
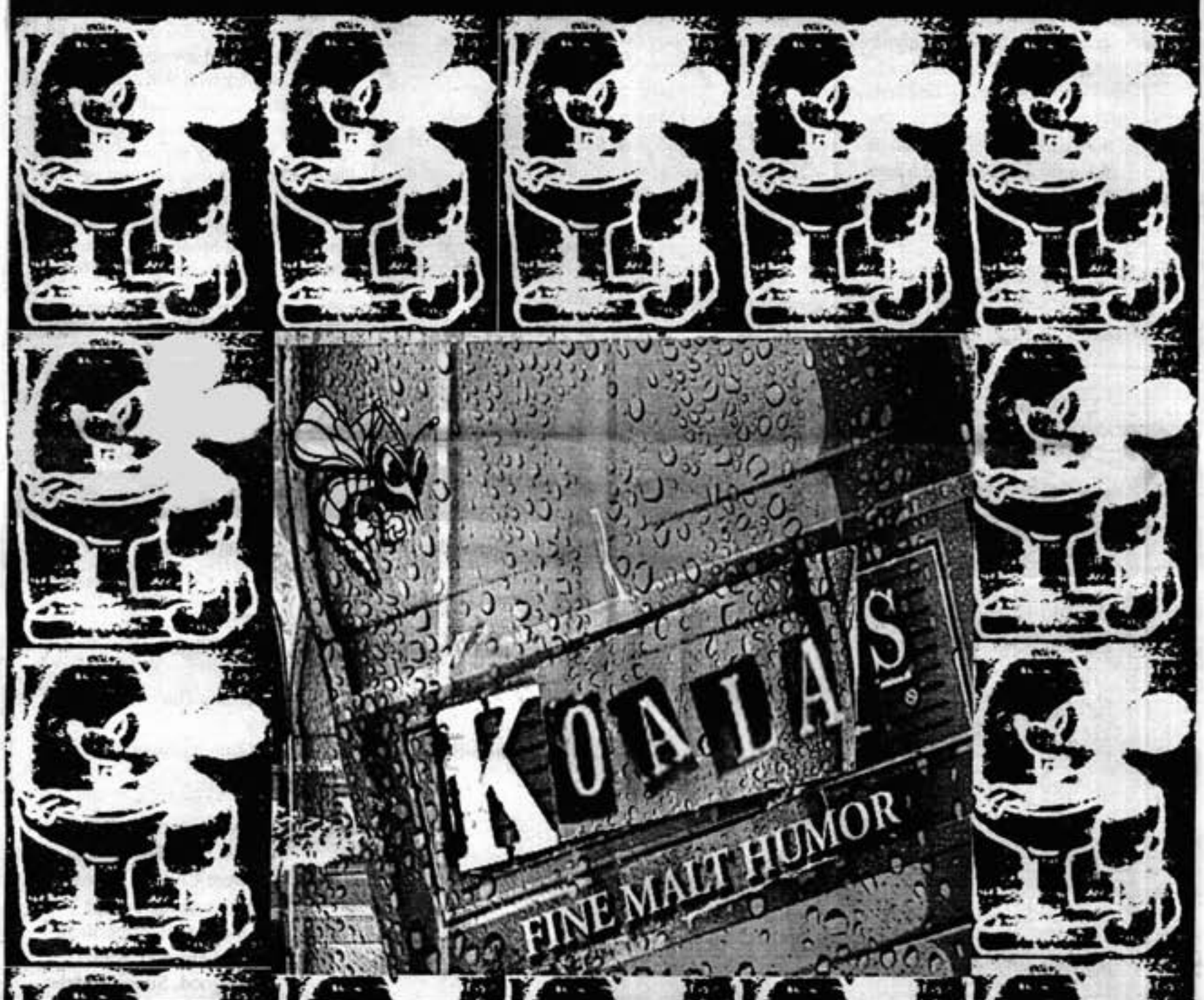


The Koala

Volume 51, Issue 1 April 15, 1999 *The only newspaper that complicates pregnancy*

Special "Mickey's" Issue



WHAT'S INSIDE:

- Pages 2-15
- Thirty dorky looking high school seniors with their parents
- HIV (use protection!)
- Dangerous mind-altering propaganda
- MAD personals 'cause that's all you people really read anyway

Crappin' On Yer Lawn

WITH E-DOGG

Hi, I'm the editor this quarter, and I'd like to tell you why I hate the internet.

Not only is the internet stupid, it's also very deceptive. I was doing the layout for the "believe it or fuck off" article on page 11, and all I needed was a picture of a fat person. Any fat person. After looking on the internet for two hours and not finding A SINGLE GODDAMNED PICTURE OF A FAT PERSON, I stumbled across a site whose description started like this: "Hi, I'm the fattest man in the world and I've got pictures..."

Great, I thought, the fattest man in the world has his own webpage, I know he's got to have some good pictures of himself. I instantly clicked on the site. While it was loading, I took the time to read the entire description of the site. It continued: "...and I've got pictures of some fat bitches with their head stuck up a zebra's ass."

Oh, the horrors I suffered through as I watched unhappy zebra after unhappy zebra be slowly and painfully loaded onto the screen.

Since I'm on the subject of our &*%$#@!!! computers, let me share with you another "funny" incident. It was so "funny", in fact, that I tried to hang myself with the mouse cord.

You see, I was trying to open photoshop at the same time I had Windows running, so of course, this computer couldn't handle all the stress and returned the message "Scratch disks are too full to open this... Beeach!" Naturally, I tried to free up more space by deleting a few items, at which time I was presented with this message "Scratch disks are too full to delete... Suckah!" The computer was too full to have enough memory to delete.

Take a minute to let that last sentence sink in.

On to other matters, this is my first issue as editor... so if the issue sucks, blame Tulley for letting me have the job. You'll notice this issue has four pages of personals. I figured that, since most people read only the personals, I might as well give them what they want.

Koala Groupie: But E-Dogg! Aren't you just depriving the faithful people who read The Koala from their usual ten jam-packed pages of wacky humor?

No! Instead of the usual twelve pages, this issue is sixteen pages long! You die-hards even get an extra page, so everyone benefits, except maybe those of us at The Koala. God, I don't know why I keep doing this for you all.

Here's some funny stuff:

Table Of Incontinence

Lists.....Page 3
It is a Known Fact that a Koala staffer thinks of a list item every 1.5 seconds. Check out what these perverts have come up with this month.

R.A.Fun Tips.....Page 5
Your zany resident authorities have thrown these tips together in attempts to cure your "suicidally-bored blues".

P.O.Y. Nominees.....Pages 6-7
It's almost time for us to reveal who will win U.C.S.D.'s most coveted-honor. These odds give you the Vegas Line Lowdown on who will be the sixteenth winner of the award(seventeenth winner if you count the time we voted for "No One").

Party Reviews.....Page 11
Wow, were this month's parties mediocre!!! Check out all the cool stuff you didn't get to go to.

1/2 Lobster Tail.....$14.50
Sauteed in beer and covered with butter, served piping hot with chili or two sides.

Personals.....Pages 16-13!
Damn, you kids sure had a lot of strong opinions, especially the ones at Earl's Place. Check out four personal-packed pages, including steamy and sexy Personals, angry and bloody Personals, Personals of the Month, and Personals that don't make any darned sense (by far the most popular).

Letters To The Damned Editor

Dear Editor-
I don't like you magazine. You do not print my articles. What's up with that? And the dick jokes what's up with those?
-Concerned at ERC

Dear Concerned-
You are obviously a fucking idiot. As for the dick jokes, you'll notice that there is not a single dick joke in this issue, except this one: you have a deficient penis. Also, suck my penis.
Yours,
E-Dogg

Dear Editor-
I heard from a friend that you guys like to drink beers. Did you know that drinking beers is bad for your health? Well, it is.
-Sober in Muir

Dear Sober-
It's guys like you that make guys like me want to drink so much in order to not turn into guys like you.
Yours,
E-Dogg

Dear Editor-
Where can I score some of these so-called "ladies" my friends keep talking about? I'm lonely and some female companionship sounds "right on" if you get my meaning.
-Abstinent in Warren

Dear Abstinent-
First of all, I don't "get your meaning." I plan to wait until marriage to cheat on my wife by porking a UCSD chick. Did I mention that I have a 12-inch penis?
Yours,
E-dogg

Dear Editor-
I heard that you have a 12-inch jimmy. I'm not sure I belive that, but I'd like to see for myself. How can I go about this?
Curious in Marshall

Dear Curious-
I have a midget friend named Jimmy. He has a small penis, and he doesn't get the dick jokes that we publish in our magazine. Also, we do not print his shitty articles. What was it that you asked again? Whatever it was, fuck off!
Yours,
E-Dogg

Dear Editor-
You are an asshole. Your magazines do not come out very often, and when they do they are offensive and vulgar. That's not cool.
-Angry at OVT

Dear Angry-
Guess what? Fuck you, fuck OVT, fuck, fuck, bear carcasses!!
Yours,
E-Dogg

The Staff

Alexander the Grape	Evan "E-Dogg" Hoovler
Strawberry Short Kook	Tulley Rafferty
Little Orphan Orange	Lisa Wiefel
Sir Isaac Lime	Jeremy Gray, Ethan Duni
Louie-Bloo Raspberry	Adam Ainsworth, Brian Ross
Poncho Punch	Sky Frostenson, Kyle, Nick Swerdlow, Adam, Boyce Collins, Howard Blumenfeld, George Liddle, Erik Kapernick, Lori Quevedo, Kate Twogood, Suneel Sundar, Steve Lutz, the other Steve
Otter de la Renta	Spencer Yaras

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Disclaimer: *The views expressed in this publication, as well as its six zippy flavors are solely those of The Koala and our members. While The Koala is a registered student organization at the univershity of California, San Diego, the University neither supports nor endorses this publication or its contents. Additionally, the views expressed in this publication do not represent those of the University of California, the Regents, their officers, or employees. The members of they bear full legal responsibility for any and all consequences arising from its publication.* [sic]

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LISTS!!

Top Five Ways to Spend Two Million Dollars:
1. Buy a thousand two-thousand dollar hookers for one hour
2. Buy your very own Columbian Drug Cartel
3. Buy four sticks of incense and a gallon of milk at Earl's Place
4. Go to U.C.S.D. for the rest of your life
5. Buy Joe Leventhal's soul back from Satan

Top Three Reasons Lowered Integras Went Out of Style Last Year:
1. Daddy finally got enough money to buy you that Benz
2. Fashion Valley installed speed bumps.
3. Dodge Caravans will accomodate WAY more decals and neon accessories

Top Five Things The Easter Bunny Says to His Women:
1. "Bitch, am I for real?"
2. "Bitch, I'll find your hidden eggs"
3. "Bitch, go fix me some carrots!"
4. "Bitch, I ain't soft and fuzzy all over!"
5. "Bitch, I'm just like a Cadbury Egg... dark and chocolatey on the outside, gooey cream on the inside.

Top Five Sassy Goth Looks This Spring:
1. Black trenchcoat worn over leather bikini
2. Bejewelled dagger concealed in ebony skull-encrusted boots.
3. Fangs
4. All kinds of religious crosses and shit
5. Glittery M.C. Hammer Pants

Top Five Rejected U.C.S.D. Fight Slogans:
1. "U-C-S-DEEZ NUTS!!!"
2. "HURRY UP AND LOSE, I'VE GOT CSE DUE TOMORROW!!!"
3. "EXCLUDING TEAMS IN DIVISIONS I AND II, WE'RE NO 1!!!"
4. "IT'S NOT WHETHER YOU WIN OR LOSE, IT'S HOW YOU DO ON THE G.R.E.!!!"
5. "I'M NOT COMING OFF THE ROOF UNTIL SOMEONE COMES TO OUR SHITTY GAMES!!!"

Top Five New Clubs at UCSD:
1. Cal-pornimage Hentai Club
2. National Ballroom Slam-Dancing Organization, UCSD Chapter
3. The Hiding In Your Room and Studying All Day Club - 20,000 members strong and growing
4. The UCSD Support Group for People Who Wear Solar Fan Hats All the Fucking Time (UCSD - SGPWWSFHAFT)
5. The Mickey's™ Fine Malt Liquor Appreciation Club (UCSD - THE KOALA)

Top Thing You Did Over Spring Break:
1. Porked the Easter Bunny

Top Five Infant Pornos Due Out This Month:
1. Two Inches of Pleasure
2. Back Into the Womb 4: Breachin' the Gap
3. Up Ta Ya Neck In Pussy
4. Breakin' the Cord
5. Nursery coeds go double umbilical

Top Five Things to do at a Hockey Game:
1. Talk about Canada and say "Eh" a lot
2. Talk about William Shatner and say "Eh" a lot
3. Beat the shit out of the guy next to you and say "Eh" a lot
4. Scream "BLOOD! I WANT TO SEE SOME FUCKIN' BLOOD!!" at the top of your lungs and say "Eh" a lot
5. Bring a mitt and try to catch a foul tooth, eh?

Top Five Things To Do At A Baseball Game:
1. Drink Beer
2. Drink Beer
3. Drink Beer
4. Drink Beer
5. Eat Hot Dogs

Top Five Daffy Definitions Printed Underneath Mickey's Bottlecaps:
1. Rip`ping` Mickeys™ : Robbing a liquor store that contains Mickey's™ Fine Malt Liquor
2. Fluc`tu`ate: Shooting a Seven-Eleven clerk in the face because they ran out of Mickey's™ Fine Malt Liquor
3. Re`Crap`Pit`U`Late: Another attack of explosive incontinence brought on by Mickey's™ Fine Malt Liquor
4. Bank`rupt Ho': An alcoholic's widow who is penniless because her husband's life insurance did not cover the suicide he committed after losing his job when he was found in his office drinking Mickey's™ Fine Malt Liquor
5. Pleees`kil`me`nau : The sound you make while being reamed in detox by a homeless man who's there for drinking too much Mickey's™ Fine Malt Liquor

Top Five Signs You've Had One Too Many:
1. You savor the rich ensemble of flavors that is Mickey's™ Fine Malt Liquor
2. You describe the flavor of Mickey's™ Fine Malt Liquor and lime as "quite gay, indeed"
3. You can only manage to hit two of the three pedestrians in the cross-walk.
4. You become determined to show those Federale bastards how a real man fights
5. You open your closet door and peek outside, RA be damned!

Top Five Complaints of a Retro Pirate:
1. Eyepatches only come in black, which doesn't clash with with my snazzy new zebra headband
2. It's really hard to bust out on the dance floor in a platform pegleg
3. That damned parrot is always shitting on my lavender jumpsuit
4. None of the other pirates like to rock out to Journey while pillaging the Spanish Main
5. Captain never lets me "shake that booty" or "Moonwalk the plank"

Top Five Shitty Ways To Die, Part 12:
1. Drowning in a puddle of your freshly vomited Mickey's™ Fine Malt Liquor
2. Crushed by giant 'K' falling off of giant "K-Mart" sign.
3. Freak accident at the bear dildo factory
4. Heart attack brought on by the excitement of your roommate bringing a six-pack into your dorm in Argo
5. On the way to that "magical" third date with your dream girl, you pick up a hitch-hiking prison escapee, who rapes you in a roadside rest stop, stabs you and leaves you to bleed to death while he spends your hard earned money getting your date drunk on Mickey's™ Fine Malt Liquor so he can take advantage of her in a dirty alley behind a Hooter's Bar and Grill. Unfortunately, your peaceful bleeding is interrupted by raucous noises from the next car, and when you look over, you observe your mom with a goat and a Samoan midget filming scenes for the upcoming adult feature "Preggy Seniors Goat Wild IV: Rock Hard Midgets On Top". Furthermore, not only is the goat really ugly, but your best friend is the director and, upon seeing you, he says, "I have to tell you, before you die, that it really WAS me that left those stains on your bed at that sleep-over in third grade." And that's not all! Before you pass out, you are backed over by an obese, coked-crazed member of the Hell's Angels who is driving a semi. Then he gets out and kicks you in the head and calls you "nasty boy" while wiping his ass with your best shirt. And your ex-gilrfriend takes pictures of the whole thing.

Top One Excuse For That Last List:
1. We were sober

Top Five Characteristics of a Distinguished UCSD Gentleman:
1. Cool Black Pointy Hat
2. Huge Portruding Wart on Nose
3. High Pitched Cackle
4. Ravenous Appetite for Small Roasted Children
5. Flying Broomstick

Top Five Characteristics of a Witch:
1. Suave, styled coiffure, nicely combed
2. Smooth, tanned, chiseled face
3. Deep voice
4. 3 pound cock
5. Lowered Integra complete with decals and accessories

Top Four Things Men Want From Women:
1. Blowjobs
2. Topless lap dances
3. A sympathetic ear and a shoulder to cry on... PSYYYYYCH!!!!
4. Monster tits

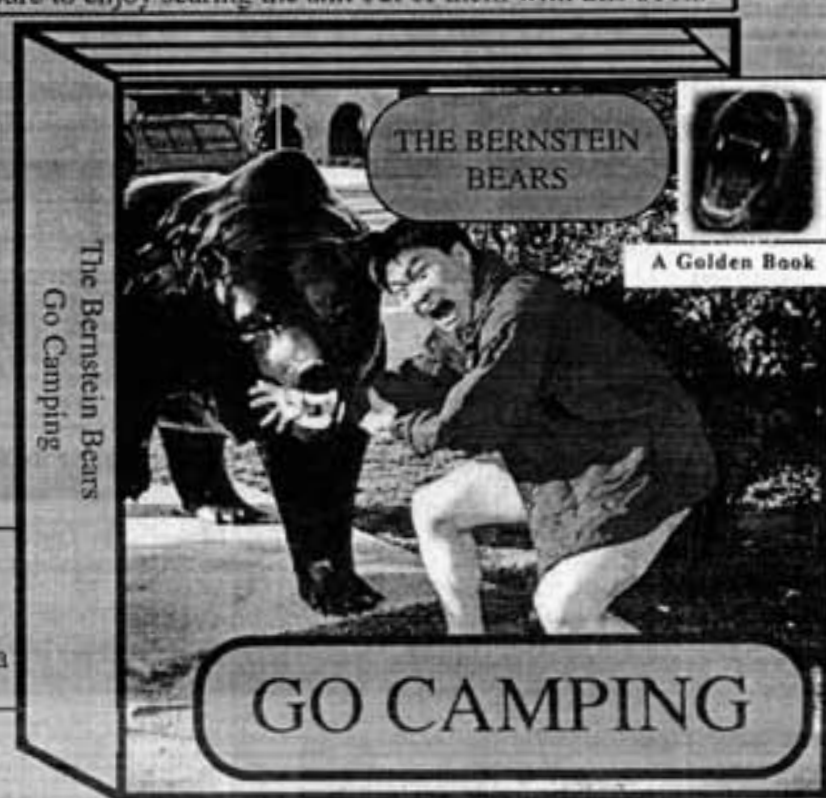
Top Six Things Women Don't Want To Give To Men:
1. Blowjobs
2. Any lap dances
3. A moment of peace and quiet
4. Their money's worth
5. Whatever it is they want
6. Syphillis

Top Five Bear Carcass Pornos Due Out This Month-
1. Ahh, forget it.

A KOALA CRACK REPORTING TEAM SPECIAL INVESTIGATIVE REPORT...

CHILDREN'S BOOKS THAT NEVER MADE IT TO THE SHELVES

Written by Dr. Seuss in what were later affectionately referred to as his "coke-crazed years", this surefire best-seller tells the tale of the Cat In The Hat's release from the state penn after clawing five schoolchildren to death. Your children are sure to enjoy the hijinks and you're sure to enjoy scaring the shit out of them with this book.



In this #1 best-seller on the New York Times "Never-Published" list, the Bernstein bears teach us that camping is not just for humans, it's really just for bears. Pass me a leg, Pappa Bear!

Join in on the fun as Clifford forgets he's oversized for the 455th time! Modeled after stupid dogs everywhere, Clifford's sure to become a best friend!

Any child who's ever been to the zoo knows what monkeys <u>really</u> do! The story springs to life as Curious George eats plateful after steaming plateful of fresh primate squeezin's. Mmm!

When Fenton can't figure out where the gang of smugglers concealed their diamonds to sneak through customs, his ingenious sons slide into action. "Rock" refers to diamonds in smuggler slang, and Frank and Joe certainly do get their rocks off of these bandits!

FRIENDLY FRESHMAN TIPS

How to get the most out of YOUR freshman year

Brought to you by your friendly neighborhood RAs

So now that you've been at college for two whole quarters, you're probably wondering "How can I have some fun while staying safe and within the rules?" Well, have we got some answers for you!

1. DO NOT CONSUME ALCOHOL: These days, it seems like "drinking" is the "in" thing to do. Make "drinking" fun and safe by consuming only non-alcoholic beverages such as Snapple. Alcoholic drinks, such as Mickeys™ Fine Malt Liquor, can kill you, or even worse, GET YOU EVICTED!!! What would Mommy and Daddy say if they found out you had half a glass of wine with your date? No matter what they say, you can be sure that they'll hate you forever, and that means no double exhaust addition to your new low-rider Acura Integra. Think about it.

2. DO NOT HAVE SEX: You might think that everybody is having sex, but that's just peer pressure. Truth is, the majority of students here do NOT have sex. Nor do they have any urge to. You see, we all know about the importance of abstinence and the risks involved with promiscuity, and it's important to know that when you hear people talk about sex, they're just doing it to be "cool." Don't let this fool you. Recent student surveys indicate that most people wait at least one year after marriage before having sex, and what makes you think you have any right to be different? If you have any doubts about this, maybe you should see your local guidance counselor or Res Dean; they will help you figure out how to make the right desicion.

3. DO NOT THINK FOR YOURSELF: Many people might tell you that the reason for attending college is to learn to think for yourself, but these people are dangerous subversives who probably want to entice you to have sex, drink alcohol and do other "fun" things. Should you ever feel the urge to think independently, please consult http://sheep.ucsd.edu/ for guidance.

4. DO NOT VISIT MEXICO: If you've ever read "The Koala", you're probably familiar with such terms as "TJ Hos", "Those Federale Bastards" and "Fetid Bear Carcasses." Does that really sound like the kind of place you'd like to visit? I don't think so.

5. DO NOT READ "THE KOALA": Rumor has it that the Koala often contains such mind-altering words such as "f*ck", "sh*t", "kn*ckers", and "b**ty". *Need I say more?*

6. DO NOT "DOWNLOAD" E-PORNOGRAPHY FROM THE "CYBER-INTERNET": It has been shown in studies conducted by Graduate Students that so called "E-Pornography" can lead to Onanism or even "masturbation", and sometimes even to "sex". Just to be safe, use of the "Cyber-Internet" should limited to fully certified CSE eunuchs.

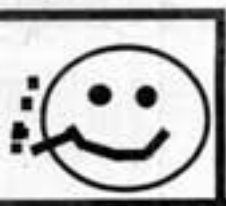
7. PLAY SOCCER: Soccer is a good aerobic way to lose those extra calories... if only Monica from NBC's "Friends" knew about this! Instead of spending long Spring days "masturbating", why not "get your 'kicks" a safe and fun way?

8. SMOKE "CRACK" COCAINE

9. STUDY STUDY STUDY: While having fun might seem "fun" at first, keep this in mind: while you were out playing, everybody else in your chem 6A class was hard at work studying for that tough no-credit review session. Don't you feel horrible? We thought so.

We hope you've enjoyed reading these tips, and we're sure that you now have plenty of ideas on how to spend that three-minute study break. But, now it's time to get back to those books, you slackers!

FUCKIN' SHIT UP RULEZ!!



Brought to you by your pals at The UCSD Koala

Now that you've been at college for I-don't-fuckin-care how long, you're probably realizing what a complete fucking waste of time and resources your pathetic life is. However, life at UCSD doesn't have to be that bad. So quit wishing you went to SDSU, read this article, and get it together, bitches!

1. DRINK ALCOHOL AT ANY AND EVERY OPPORTUNITY Let's face it: half of you pukes were probably concieved in a drunken tryste while mommy and daddy were at college. I'm pretty sure I was too. So, since half of us are the result of Sorority Susie having one too many at a frat party, let's not have any banter about alcohol "destroying" lives. And at any rate, everybody knows that the only thing to do at UCSD is to get hammered on cheap beer every weekend and wish there were fine girls to mack on. If you should ever feel the urge to stop drinking, remember: your liver wants more, it's just playing hard to get.

2. PROPOSITION ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING THAT MOVES: This goes for girls as well as guys. I'll be honest with you: there are no hotties at UCSD and all the good sheep are taken. The only way you are going to get any play is through the law of averages. What this means is that for every five hotties that shut you down, there's GOT to be at least one piece of livestock that will put out to your heart's content, so stay in the game. Here's lookin' at you, playa hater.

3. CONSUME HANDFUL AFTER BRIMMING HANDFUL OF MIND-ALTERING SUBSTANCES: The best way to do this is to start out by smoking mad Newport cigarettes and then work your way up to horse tranquilizer/oven cleaner cocktails. I gaurantee it beats the shit out of the sad truth that is the reality of your existence.

4. FOUR WORDS: TJ HOS PUT OUT.

5. DO NOT READ THE KOALA: Oh, sure, the Koala promotes a hedonistic lifestyle, but are you really cool enough to enjoy this publication and practice what we preach? Probably not, so PUT IT DOWN, NOW!!!

6. DOWNLOAD ALL THE BEAR CARCASS PORN YOU CAN WHILE THE BANDWIDTH IS FREE: I thought I told you to stop reading this issue! You're all extremely not-cool. And I shouldn't even have to be telling you the virtues of bear carcass porn if you are half as smart as your SAT score makes you think you are.

7. PLAY "GET SHIT-DRUNK AND THROW BURNING FURNITURE OFF OF TIOGA HALL" : Hey, don't knock it till you've tried it! And always play it safe: watch out for that pesky Res Dean, he'll probably be wanting his couch back.

8. DO NOT SMOKE "CRACK" COCAINE: Crack kills.

9. KILL KILL KILL: Remember, if you don't like someone, you can always do away with them in a quick and efficient manner. Try cyanide, for beginners, and see if you can work your way up to murdering victims using only your ears.

We're certain that you've enjoyed reading these tips, probably 'cause you're so high right now that everything is enjoyable. We're sure you now have plenty of ideas on how to spend that five year study break

It's time to choose another

KOALA PERSON

and the nominees are...

Gene Siskel-
Though not even considered a candidate in early polling, "Mean" Gene Siskel recently managed to win over the hearts of Americans everywhere by dying a slow, painful death.
Odds: 25 to 1

"Save" Dave Dillon-
Did anyone even notice that while he was camping out on the roof, he was missing work? I bet his boss noticed.
Odds: 20 to 1

Maya Angelou-
This sultry sex goddess delighted UCSD students when she spoke at the Price Center, concluding her speech by stripping down to just a G-string to the music of Hanson's "Mmmm-Bop." Chancellor Dynes was so taken with her performance he asked her to speak at the commencement ceremony. "She is such a hottie," Dynes commented, "I'd knock the dust off that pussy if I had half a chance."
Odds: 187 to 1

N' Sync-
WOW! I haven't seen anything this original since the Backstreet Boys, the likes of whom haven't emerged since Hanson, whose style reminds me of Color Me Badd, who bore a striking resemblance to the New Kids On The Block, who really sucked.
Odds: 0 to 1

Muamar Khadaffi- Have you seen those hats? And those shirts!!! I mean they just don't stop. Anyone who's cool enough to hang out with Louis Farrakhan is cool enough to be person of the year.
Odds: (-3 +i) to 1

Sammy Sosa-
From the moment Sammy auditioned for the role of Romeo in his fifth-grade school play, it was evident that this man was destined for greatness. He finished second in that audition, playing understudy to the great John Travolta. Later on, Sammy went on to almost win several awards, including the Koala's Sucker of the Year Award(narrowly losing to Lennox Lewis). Sosa served as an inspirational role model to children everywhere, showing them that doing your best usually isn't good enough.
Odds: Nine votes shy to 1

Ginger Spice-
Also known by her real name, Geri Halliwell, Ginger Spice advanced the fight for women's equality by wearing too much makeup and outfits that look like they were designed by Wonder Woman. As when she left her job as a porno star, Ginger Spice's departure from the Spice Girls shows, once again, that she performs best solo,
Odds: Only if there is no God to 1

Mike Tyson-
Known as "Iron Mike" by members of the boxing community, Mike Tyson successfully defended his assertion that he was mentally fit to box again by not biting off any of his opponents' body parts in the ring.
Odds: 8.5 to 5

Other- Yes, there's certainly not enough room in this article for every Koala P.O.Y. nominee, there are many more. It's a long shot, but perhaps one of these "dark horses:" will win.
Oddz: 1.00000000001 to 1

OF THE YEAR

Big Punisher-
In 1987, KRS-ONE's Boogie Down Productions released "Criminal Minded", an innovation which inspired many artists to experiment more with their music. In 1992, Snoop Doggy Dogg released "Doggystyle", considered by some experts to be the best rap album ever. Big Punisher furthered the evolution of rap music in 1998 by making extremely shitty songs and motivating rappers everywhere to attempt suicide. According to our Supercomputer, in order to win Person of the Year, Big Punisher needs to become married to Cher, thus ensuring that one of these two will be killed by the other.
Odds: 50 to 1

Roberto Begnini-
Anyone who viewed the 1999 Academy Awards is certain to remember when Begnini won for Best Foreign Film(even though he, himself, is not a foreign film). In addition to cursing at his parents and setting the stage aflame, Begnini also managed to recieve a slap from Gwyneth Paltrow after kicking her in the boobs during his pre-acceptance acrobatics.
Odds: 100 to 1

Joe "Archfiend" Leventhal-
Our cherished A.S. President, who almost succeeded in not doing nothing at all. Joe also served as the basis for 2.5 Koala Issues' worth of tasteless jokes. Thanks, and keep on doing whatever the hell it is you call work.
Odds: When Hell Freezes Over to 1

Monica Lewinski-
In addition to really bothering the public with their nutty White House shenanegins, Monica and Bill Clinton also gave thousands of shitty comedians another year's worth of employment. This reminds us that The Koala Staff forgot to make a single joke of this scandal, so here we go: What smells like Bill Clinton's-
<bang!>
Help! I'm bleeding! Someone shot me! Oh, the horror!!!
Odds: Like, whatever to 1

Mickey's™ Fine Malt Liquor-
What gives Mickey's that special something? Is it the smooth, tranquil hand-gernade-like shape of its bottle? Could it be those zany definitions printed under each and every cap? Or perhaps its mystique lies within its secret ingredient: Prell shampoo. Whatever it is, our hearts belong to Mickey's.
Odds: 12 to 1

Randy Woodard-
Everybody's favorite solo advisor has come in second place for the last 17 years! Perhaps this year he can bribe enough of us to pull out a victory. Keep the faith Randy, maybe this is your year... Yeah, sure... maybe. Fun Fact: Did you know that there are at least 123 similarities between Randy Woodard and slugger Sammy Sosa? It's true!
Odds: Tend towards zero as t increases

Mankind-
Though he suffered five broken teeth and a punctured spleen, this WWF wrestler pulled off the single most amazing wrestling performance ever when he wrestled The Undertaker in a "Hell in a Cell" match. He also helped make wrestling the highest rated cable show on television, which answered a question that had been bugging sociologists for years: "What effect will it have on society when poor white trash folk get cable?"
Odds: Pi to one

WHO WILL SUCCEED THAT CRAPPY NEWT GINGRICH PROTESTING GUY AS PERSON OF THE YEAR??? FIND OUT IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

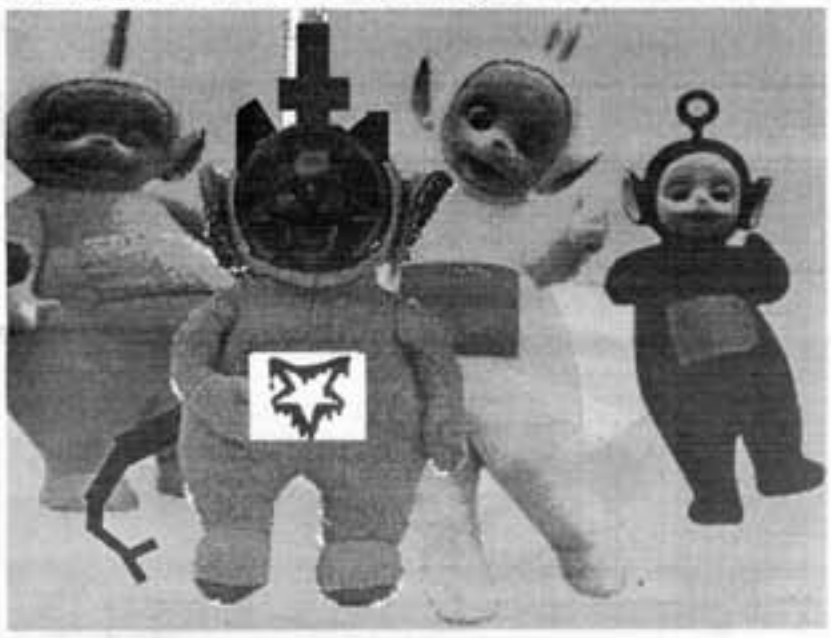
Koala News Bites

WORLD

P.B.S. UNVEILS NEW TELETUBBY

In light of the recent Christian uproar over the character Tinky-Winky, P.B.S. has decided to remove him from the widely successful program, Teletubbies, whose main audience is two-year olds. "Tinky-Winky was a source of homosexual influence", according to televangelist Jerry Falwell. This purple-pajama clad creature carries a purse, has a triangle affixed to his head, and is constantly ogling the other Teletubbies' rear-ends while making suggestive pelvic thrusts. P.B.S. has responded by saying, "Fuck you and your goddamned morals, you white trash pile of shit."

Joining the cast of Laa-Laa, Po, and Dipsy, the new Teletubby, Yogsothoth, is scheduled to debut in the upcoming season. Yogsothoth, who "Appeals to a wider range of anti-PBS Christian coalitionists", according to P.B.S., will do nutty antics, such as sacrificing goats on-screen and setting the other Teletubbies on fire.



Ground-Breaking Scientist Clones Forty of Mickey's™ Fine Malt Liquor

Alcohics Worldwide Rejoice

Dee Snutz
Associated Press
Stockholm, Sweden-

In an unprecedented episode of scientific achievement on Friday, April 9, 1999, Italian Doctor Jack A. Carsteyrio succeeded in making an exact genetic replica of an ice-cold forty ounce bottle of Mickey's™ Fine Malt Liquor. Called "an advance for poor drunkard's everywhere" by the National Science Foundation, Dr. Carsteyrio's creation will pave the way for an entirely new brewing process.

Working with a large grant generously provided by U.C. San Diego's totally worthless newspaper, The Koala, Jack was able to complete the innovative process in under five seconds. When asked about future plans, Dr. Carsteyrio responded, "I plan to continue cloning Mickey's™ Fine Malt Liquor and selling it to The Koala staff."

Although he has received offers of up to $50,000 from various museums for the first cloned bottle of beer, Dr. Carsteyrio said that he plans to enjoy it in the company of a good ho.

LOCAL

CHE CAFE STAFF SEIZES CONTROL OF OLD STUDENT CENTER IN PROTEST OF YUGOSLAVIAN BOMBINGS

Library Walk Survey: Students Neither Know Nor Care

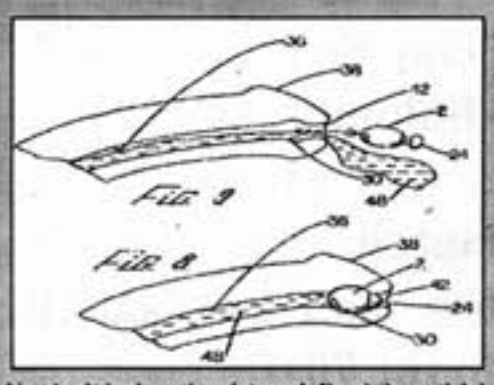
UCSD- In the bloodiest incident in school history since their week-long siege on Mayer Hall brought on by the cancellation of The A-Team, staffers of The Che Cafe stormed and seized the Old Student Center Tuesday afternoon. Hermano Revolucionario #147, leader of the Che Strike Force, is quoted as saying the takeover was in protest of "all that shit in Europe, I think." Seventeen students were killed or wounded during the four hour melee. Among the casualties were the entire staff of the extremely unpopular UCSD publication, The Koala, who fought against the Che Strike Force in an effort to defend the A.S. Media Lounge. In an interview Wednesday afternoon, Revelle Sophomore Ray Supoffodizkok remarked "The Koala? When is the next issue coming out? Also, do you know if those Personals are, like, real or what?" Hermana Revolucionaria #67 remarked, "While I sort of respected the Koala's spirit in attempting to defend their lounge, the fact is that they were just too intoxicated to put up much of a fight. One of them threw his shoes at us and I'm pretty sure a couple of them were killed by each other. We just threw a few cans of tear gas and a grenade up there and that was about it for them." #67 refused to comment on the rumor that one Koala Staffer, upon the Che Strike Force's battering through the Media Lounge door, set fire to the organization's considerably large stash of back issues and cheap beer, apparently to prevent it from falling into enemy hands. The rumor goes on to say that the staffer then dosed himself with a cyanide capsule and was found dead, "mooning" the Strike Force with the phrase "1-8-7 on tha mutherfuckin' Che Cafe!" written upon his bare ass. The Che Cafe plans to further its protest by converting the A.S. Media Lounge into a vegetarian burrito stand. Said Hermano Revolucionario #198, "Originally we had planned to use the Media Lounge's resources to publish and disseminate our message, but none of these fucking Mac pieces of shit work! So instead it'll be all-we-can-eat vegetarian burritos every Thursday from 5 PM to 8 PM, all for the low, low price of $3!"

A Koala Guerilla attempts to defend the A.S. Media Lounge. Shortly after this picture was taken, a fragmentation grenade was launched through the window, explosively disembowling him.

READ THIS ARTICLE!

D A E R T - A R T I C L E S

It's time again for another set of rantings straight from the bowels of E-Dogg. The other day, I saw a wine commercial in which a beautiful brunette and a tall, dark gentleman drink wine during a romantic candle-lit dinner. They then dance across their living room and fall into each other's arms on to the couch, which has been strategically placed with it's back to the camera to hide the fact that she is not having sex with him, as we are supposed to believe, but is in fact having a molar extracted. Do you know what I'm sick of? I'm sick of watching wine commercials where a gorgeous woman and a handsome man eat a romantic candlelight dinner, then do something else which shows how attracted they are to each other, then do something which implies that they are going to have sex. These people would be attracted to each other without the wine. I'm sitting at home not drinking the advertised brand of wine, and I know I sure would like to have sex with her, or find loose change under the couch cushions, or do whatever they're doing on that couch that I can't see. My idea of a winning wine commercial would be more like this: *A man and his wife are sitting at a romantic candlelight dinner. The man has a sip of wine, then looks lovingly at his wife's scurvy-infested face. He has another sip of wine and asks her to dance. They trod around the room ungracefully, bumping into objects and stepping on each other's toes. The woman, swept up in the moment, takes a sip of her wine and looks deep into her husband's severely crossed eyes. Having one more sip of wine, she takes her husband by his gnarled and deformed hand and leads him into the bedroom.*



No, don't look at the pictures! Read the article!

Upon seeing a commercial like this, I would be strongly moved to purchase a bottle or two and "put on my wine-goggles"!... I'm looking at this stick of deodorant because I'm really tapped for ideas. On the back, there are several key features of the deodorant. These features are extremely important to the consumer, and even warrant the use of a coveted "bullet" before each feature. The first item states that this is "Powerful deodorant for the active man". Apparently the makers of this deodorant have something against wheelchair-bound men, who are not very active, and are punishing them by making them smell bad. Alright, that's interesting. This important fact is followed by "Powerful odor protection that lasts" (get this) "all day". "All day" is a scientific unit of measurement equal to five hours, I suppose, because that's how long this "powerful" stuff really lasts. I guess the "active man" goes to bed at about one O'clock in the afternoon. Also, this deodorant comes with a "Patented comfort guard applicator" which I guess they forgot to include, because all this deodorant has is a little knob that you turn to make the deodorant chunk go up and down. At the bottom of the fact sheet, it reads, "keep out of the reach of children." This sucks, because I don't want to smell bad, but I like children.

CRAY-Z LARRY'S DISCOUNT COFFINS

"WHY PAY MORE FOR ETERNAL PEACE?"

NEW OR USED

REMEMBER, CRAZY LARRY HIMSELF PERSONALLY GUARANTEES EVERY COFFIN WITH A ***LIFETIME WARRANTY!!!***

Conveniently located along San Diego's Mile Of Coffins

JUST ARRIVED STRAIGHT OFF THE SHIP!! NEW `00 MODELS!
Featuring Patented New ``*Windbreaker*\*`` Spoiler!

*Based on manufacturer's suggested retail price. Actual dealer price may vary, depending on how big of a sucker you are. Excludes tax, license, freight, standard $5,000 surcharge, and regionally required equipment. Warranty excludes items and repairs due to accident, abuse, and/or modification, as well as standard wear-and-tear caused by housing a corpse.

ASUCSD Programming presents the

VH-1 CAMPUS INVASION

May 1, 1999 - Friday

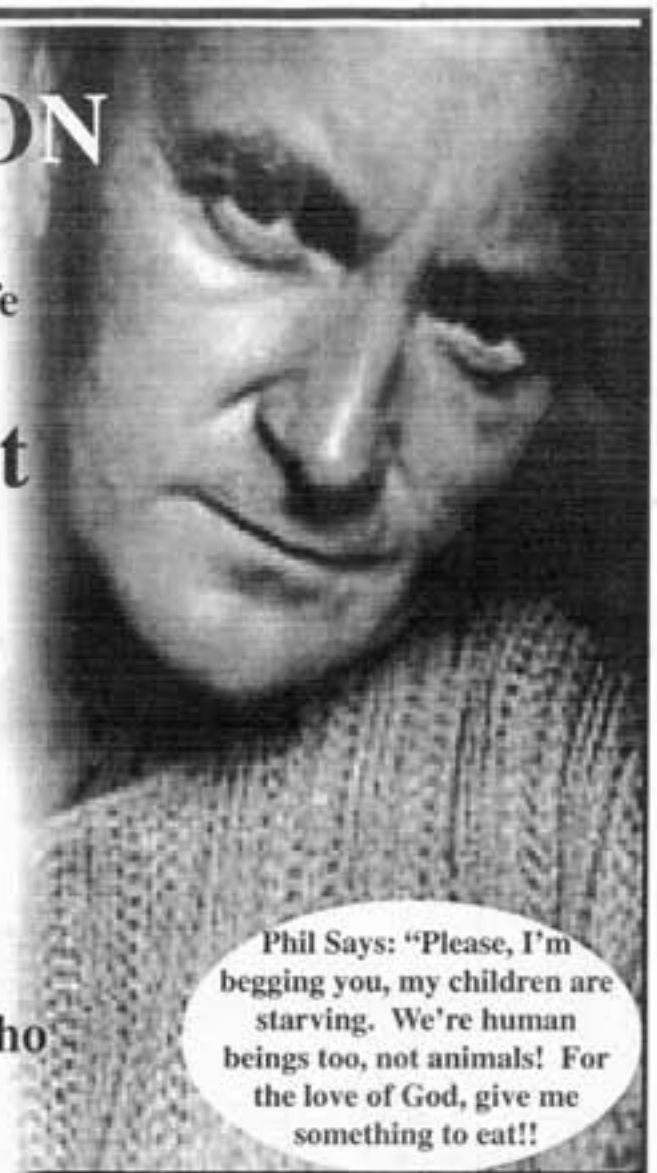
Visit the Invasion Village: 11am -5pm at Che Cafe

Phil Collins in Concert

with Air Supply

featuring Elton John

+ Special Guests:
Michael Bolton
&
Eric Clapton
(the shitty 90s Eric Clapton, not the version who kicked ass in the 70s)



8pm at Price Center Pool Hall

Free to UCSD students who don't have anything better to do on a Friday night (which is all of you and to anyone else who likes shitty music

Concert-goers are encouraged to bring food and clothing donations for the bands, anything you can spare is welcome

PLEASE GIVE

YOU PEOPLE SICKEN ME.

By Ethan
Switched from Reebok to Nike ha

You know, it's like I always told my grandchildren before they were horrifyingly killed in that trainwreck: Santa Claus DOES exist, so if you don't get nothing for Christmas, don't come cryin' to ME. Actually, that's not what it's like at all, when I stop and think about it, but HELL if I'm going to go back and delete all of those words. Anyway, what it's really like is this: The Price Center is full of degenerate freaks. Just today I was there, attempting to purchase a Frosty from Wendy's (I wouldn't even go in there, except I'm severely addicted to several of the industrial chemicals in Wendy's Frostys and I projectile-vomit foam any time I see the word "staircase" if I don't get my dose). So I'm standing in line waiting to order my Frosty and meanwhile, some guy's order comes up. You know that weird Wendy's Nazi woman? The overweight, middle-aged blond one with the glasses and fucked up teeth? Yeah, her. I guess this guy had gone to get a napkin or something, so she starts screaming "Big Bacon Classic Small Coke! Big Bacon Classic Small Coke!! GET UP HERE NOW!! BIG BACON CLASSIC SMALL COKE NOW OR I'M COMING OUT THERE NOW NOW NOW NOW!! NOT AT MY WENDYS!!" and then she takes his food off the counter and throws it away. No shit.

Anyway, I got a Frosty and, get this, I actually found a vacant table. Hard to believe, I know, and most of the syringes on it hadn't even been used. But I'll get to the point: people in the Price Center are FUCKED UP. Basically, there are two kinds of fuck-ups in the Price Center: the scary fat people eating Biggie-size fries by the flabby handful and the sorority hos in butt-pants and too much make-up eating their $7 vegetarian wraps, gossiping about which frat boy is the hottest and complaining about how hard their Soc and Comm classes are. I think the latter pretty much speak for themselves, and rather irritatingly LOUDLY at that, so I'll focus on the fat kids. There was this one portly chic sitting next to me with one of those Triple Cheeseburgers in one hand and a Biggie Fries in the other. You know the Belushi cafeteria scene in Animal House (and you'd better)? It was like that, only after every four or so heaping handfuls of fried cholesterol, she'd stop and ever-so-daintily dab at the corner of her mouth with a napkin. What the fuck is that supposed to be? Manners?

And at this point I got bored of whining about people with bad eating habits and decided it'd be better to complain about Espresso Roma. That place fucking sickens me, too. It's so nauseatingly "trendy", from the overpriced shitty coffee to the bad art on the walls down to the iMacs. And then there's that one creepy older guy with the grey hair and the black bicycling shorts that's always there using the shitty iMacs or at the Pub sitting at the bar looking all creepy at people. That guy is fucked up, too. Just stay the fuck out of the Price Center, fools.

PARTY REVIEWS

SOME PARTY AT STATE HELD BY THE "CACTUS GIRLS"
Sometime In Late March

This was by far the best party held this year that we didn't go to. That's right, nobody told us about this damned orgy, so we stayed home. I heard that people were packed tight and people were jumping off of the roof and lighting things on fire, but since nobody actually went, I might as well tell it how I want to tell it...

There were 500 kegs, five hundred women, seven ugly guys, and ice sculptures. Pink Floyd and Led Zeppelin were the bands, and did they rock! Although the cops showed up at 11:00, it was okay, 'cause some guy on the roof took them out with an Uzi, except for one, but he came inside and did a 72-second keg-stand. DAMN!. We stayed until 5:00 A.M. and since I imagine most of us pretended to get laid that night, this shindig gets five imaginary stars:

Delta Sig Party:
Thursday, April 2nd

Overall, it was a fun party, it didn't hurt that you could get high off of the fluorescent-graffitied walls on the dance floor. An unusully large supply of fine young ladies added to the excitement, obviously San Diego State imports. Beer & Jungle juice flowed longer than that hot girl who sits in front of me in Spanish 2A's lovely locks. All in all, it was a good old-fashioned crowded house party, (DJ+Beers+ Slutty Women = Good Times). It was a little tough to move around with the overabundance of frat boys, but overall it wasn't bad for UC.S.D. 3 stars::

* * *

A Birthday Party for Some Girl
(I think her name was Adrianna)
Yesterday, April 3

In order to present an accurate evaluation of this party, the Official Scorecard shall be displayed in its entirety!

Event	Score
Initial obligatory star	+1 star
Two Kegs of really good beer	+1 star
A whole lot of people	+1 star
A whole hell of a lot of high schoolers	-1 star
When I asked where there was someplace that I could smoke a joint, I received the response "Over there, but wait until after the cops come!"	-1 star
Friendly crowd aroused by exciting game of "Taunt the 16-year olds"	+1 star
High schoolers were annoying as fuck	-1 star
Was unable to beat high schoolers to a bloody pulp due to crowd intervention(we were dragged away by their mothers, who were picking them up from the party)	-1 star
Not enough fine women	-1 star

As we can see, this party came on strong in the initial rounds with a powerful left jab and cross combination. Unfortunately, lack of anticipation led to a brutal offensive assault, which caused an early knockout. Overall, the judges give it -1 stars:

(-*)

Looking back at this months parties, one can discern a trend in their nature: All of them were put on by women! We at the Koala know that men can throw good parties, so where the hell are you? Come on, you lazy bastards. This month, overall, was shitty. Are you trying to tell me that this is the best U.C.S.D. can do? Then let me be the millionth person to say, "You guys are pathetic". If, by some celestial alignment, you somehow do decide to throw a party, and you want the generous, sensitive Koala staff to review it, drop an invitation in the Personals Bag outside the Koala Office.

THE KOALA'S

BELIEVE IT OR FUCK OFF!

FACT:

At 1,989 lbs, rapper Big Punisher is the world's *heaviest* and *worst* rapper!

FACT:

Coincidentally, Big Punisher also holds the world's record for suffering the ***most injuries caused by falling off toilet while trying to wipe his ass!***

Believe It or Fuck Off!!!

Cows and Sexual Success
by Howard Blumenfield, homeless UCSD psychology graduate

With the advent of Sigmund Freud, psychology was forever changed. It seemed as though someone had finally figured out the importance of certain factors in determining one's sexuality. Let's face it- we love to fuck.

So what the hell do cows(and various cow products) have to do with one's sexual success? Over the years, I have collected data from various sources ranging from my job washing windows in the Gaslamp, to the years I spent here at UCSD working hard to get that "ticket" to a good life. It seems as though most people do not like cows-this is disheartening. I have conducted surveys to determine a link between one's preference for cows and their sexual successes.

If you like cows, you are in good shape. It seems as though you will be getting laid. This is not like that horoscope bullshit, but rather a deeply intuitive and intelligible endeavor based on scientific fact.

The questions posed were as follows:

1. Do you like cows?
2. When was the last time you got laid?

According to the results, 93% of participants lead normally sexual lives. Focusing solely on the UCSD population, I found that, surprisingly, only five percent of Muir students fell under this category. Some students claim to like cows so much that they hide them in their dorm rooms and milk them every morning. Todd Orchardly, a Revelle Freshman, claims, "I keep my cow in the shower. If I ever run out of shampoo, I can always count on my cow to supply me with some. Sometimes, when I'm *really* horny, and I'm bored with jacking off in the shower, I fuck my cow. She doesn't complain. In fact, she seems to rather enjoy it."

Not all students lead happy, cow-fucking lives. Upon hearing of her neighbors' shower antics, Maria Mitchell, a Revelle Freshman, remarked, "How dispicable! If I caught anyone in my suite fucking a cow, I would surely kill them! And the poor cow... just think of what animal activists are going to do when more people start fucking cows!"

Dairy farmers that once complained of UFOs abducting their cows, thus causing a rise in milk prices, are now aware of the real reason for the missing bovines-UCSD students. Jed Soiltiller, a San Diegan farmer, complains, "Fuckin' cows been missin' a lot lately. What the fuck am I supposed to do? Can I have my damn beer, now, Howard, so I can get out of here?

It seems that, until farmers like Jed can install better alarms on their livestock, the latest campus fad will continue to grow. Some prefer to call cow-fucking, "freedom of expression.", it seems more and more students will express this freedom in the future.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting your Koala habit now greatly reduces serious risks to your health.

Adventures in Bartending

by Bachelor Dick
Shut up, dammit, it's my name.

Part One: The Martini

This tale begins one lazy afternoon at my pad a few weeks ago. We find me staring intently into the mirror, extruding hardened ribbons of white goo from various clogged pores, and reflecting upon my "life". Some people find that their best ponderances come upon them while taking a dump, but I've always preferred the smaller joys inherent in popping zits. I believe as long as you're squeezing something snake-like out of a relatively small orifice, it aids in the process of squeezing complex, serpentine thoughts out of your relatively small brain. Which is why I think parents who want their children to grow up to be great philosophers should make baby's first toy a Play-Doh™ Fun Factory®. Of course, most great philosophers die bitter, penniless, and alone, so I'm not sure why any parent would wish this on their offspring. But then, I'm also not sure why any parent would saddle their son with the name Richard, and I understand this still happens with alarming frequency. There are some sick people out there.

At any rate, we find me popping zits and discussing myself with myself. Myself is saying, "Richard, man, how come you're not getting any? Apart from a slight acne problem that most people outgrew at age twelve, you're reasonably attractive. You make good money, at least as much as most food service engineers. And you're not Gary Coleman. So what's the deal?" Just then a monstrous whitehead burst open, spurting its contents across a two foot span and onto the mirror, and the answer came to me. "Dick, baby," my reflection said, "you've got no game, man… no verve, no panache, no élan. Besides, you use needlessly ostentatious words, and that annoys people."

My doppelgänger's point was all too true; vocabulary I could do, but style eluded me. There was nothing to be done but consult the tome of ultimate authority on all things stylish, Dancing Disco (Deats, Randy. New York: William Morrow and Company, Inc., 1979.) Opening to page 105, something instantly caught my eye. It was a body-hugging, v-neck striped cotton pullover teamed with white cotton cord pants. And aforementioned garments were being worn by a man holding a martini.

So there it was. What could be more stylish than inviting a fetching young woman back to my pad, then displaying my vast bartending expertise by whipping together a monster martini? Adorning my own white cotton cords, I hopped into the ol' Dart and took off to obtain supplies.

My first stop was the local bookseller, where I picked up a shiny, red copy of Mr. Boston's Bartending Guide. Then I shot over to Pier 1 to purchase a pair of official ultra-stylish martini glasses. Most beverages can be thrown into any old Kenny Rogers' Roasters plastic souvenir cup, but for the martini the proper glass is absolutely essential. Something about its smooth, conical appearance makes you seem every bit the worldly ladies' man, as though you're lounging about with an inverted glass breast cupped lovingly in your palm. And this sleek touch of class seems to make any refreshment actually taste better! Indeed, on returning home I wrung out the six-month old kitchen dishwashing sponge into my new glass and floated a fossilized cat turd on top for garnish, and it tasted at least twice as good as it had the previous evening.

After taking a short break to catch the daily Saved by the Bell rerun (it was the one where Zack tries to attract Kelly's attention with this really cheesy scam, but he ends up getting nothing but an important lesson about just being himself. That's a great episode.), I opened Mr. Boston's, turned immediately to the M's, and read:

Martini
2.5 oz. gin
0.5 mole vermouth vapor
1 olive
Shake. Strain. Drink. Vomit.
Repeat.

Sounded simple enough. I briefly recalled that the last time I attempted to follow a recipe. It was for a Cup O' Noodles, and in so-doing I managed to accidentally set several fires and castrate the neighbor's cat. But I was determined to follow through on this quest for style, and my neighbor had a new puppy that was getting to be "about-that-age" anyhow. So, without further trepidation, I ran out to Vons for the remaining supplies then flung myself headlong into the mixing process. Here is how I did it:

1. Dumped a bunch of ice cubes and a goodly amount of gin into the plastic shaker I picked up at Vons. I should note at this point that real martinis are made with gin and only gin. Some will insist that a martini can contain vodka instead, but this is actually a different drink altogether called "Vodka and Vermouth in a Glass with an Olive". Why, even the profoundly retarded and United States Senators are aware that gin is the liquor of champions.
2. Popped the cap off the bottle of Extra Dry Vermouth and waved it once over the shaker. At the store I wasn't sure what the best kind of vermouth was, so I picked up the bottle that said "Gallo", figuring I couldn't go wrong with the esteemed makers of Thunderbird. In fact, the only ingredient I was absolutely sure about was the olive. The olive is a key aesthetic element, for reasons of both appearance and palatability. It is the rounded green nipple to the transparent boob of the martini glass. Furthermore, its tart flavor is the only thing differentiating the martini's taste from that of VCR head-cleaning fluid. I went with a jar of costly-but-pert little numbers, lovingly hand-stuffed with garlic. Bob Martini himself would have been proud.
3. Closed up the shaker and shook it. This is what you do with a shaker, which is why we don't call it a "leave out on the counter to sit-er". At this point I was congratulating myself on a job well done, which of course meant that everything was now about to fall apart.
4. Discovered that, in the course of an hour, I had already somehow misplaced my martini glasses. (I have recently begun to suspect that the massive pile of dirty laundry in my room roams the house while I am away and swallows up various items of importance. I would attempt to recover my possessions, but as the pile is now several times larger than me, I'm afraid to approach it.) I discovered, furthermore, that the only clean glasses in the house were the "very-gently-used" sperm bank sample cups I got at Kobey's Swap Meet for $.10 a pop (SUCH A DEAL!).
5. With the ice in the shaker already half-melted, I was distressed to find that I had nothing with which to strain the mixture. I was all set to use the spaghetti colander that was sitting in the sink, but thought better of it when the symbiotic pasta/fungus colony in the bottom spat at me. Short on time, I finally hit upon the idea of passing the solution through my armpit fur. In retrospect, this is probably where the floating white flakes and fleshy, brownish-blue nubbins originated.
6. Finally, I topped the whole mixture off triumphantly with one of my garlic-stuffed olives. Pity I didn't notice the antenna peeking out of the olive, portending the garlic-loving palmetto bug that had perished within, until I picked it out of my teeth much later in the evening.
7. I drank it. That's what you do with a drink, which is why we don't call it a "pour down the sink".

And with that, I had made my first martini, with minimal fire damage and absolutely no loss of pet testicle. Unfortunately, I hadn't made any great strides in the style department. More unfortunately, the whole concoction tasted like VCR head-cleaning solution mixed with Aqua Sport Speed Stick. Next time I think I'll try spearing the olive with one of those translucent plastic swords. I hear that makes a world of difference…

PERSONALS

'We Did Not Write These Personals'™ Elton John wrote all of them, and he also wrote this one:
"I invite anyone who is offended by these Personals to stick his or her dick in my mouth.
-Elton"

E-Dogg-
You are the hottest guy I've ever seen. Let's get fucking hammered and play Mario Kart together. You bring the bong, I'll bring the whip cream. Mmmmm.....yummy!
-Koala groupie

Ed's note: Oh, no you don't! I know what you're up to! As soon as I get distracted by trying to get whip cream out of my ass, you'll grab the Mario Kart controller and beat me! You women are all alike!

To that girl in P-Building
I got pregnant-
Um... sorry. The doctor told me I wasn't functional.

Hey you funky bastards
who think Cher sucks-
Go suck a huge fucking monkey cock!!!
But, I agree, she does suck!
-Confused in Revelle

Brad-
Quit gurgliing cum in your sleep, bitch! Your crabs and my lice are gonna get along fine!
-R.M.F.C.P.C.J.M.G.

Andrew-
You suck more more cock than a sloppy Tiajuana ho. Stop getting anally avenged and bringing that skateboard to every class. By the way , your girlfriend is an ugly, flat bitch & she sucked my cock. You bloody wanker.
-Nicholas J

Hey George! How is it that you still don't get it? Spongers suck dick, guy!!!

To Manager of Plaza:
Just because you can't find your penis and you're in a dead-end job doesn't mean you gotta harass me about some bread bowls. Surprise cocknocker I spooged in every last one of those fucked up looking-bowls. You need to smoke a bowl and chill.
m'K

To that fat fuck in my math section-
I can't think of anything more annoying than to look at than you. Go kill yourself before you plague the rest of the world. Also, quit slappin' the salami in the middle of class, that's just plain disgusting!

All da bitchez
It takes more than t&a if you want me to listen to your dumb ass babble about crap.

To HELMET HEAD-
yah you know who you are, you were in my econ 100a class last quarter, i think you play volleyball or something. anyway you are fucking hot except your hair is so dambed nasty that it ruins everything. Im not saying this to be mean,no, i'm doing this for your own good. Wash that crusty gel out of your hair and look for me in 100b.
-ready and waiting

To the funky oasis guy-
you freak me out, after i came to you for help, i ran home, and called tess. yah that's right you made me drop the class. now i hide everytime i see you around campus-get the hint, NO I WILL NOT GO OUT WITH YOU!
-sick magnet

To the cook in the cafeteria,
If I killed you, could I claim I was simply trying to save lives? There would be many fewer gastrointestinal problems in Revelle if you would please just stop serving food. If you don't blow up the kitchen and then quit, we'll be waiting.

He-man,
Toke a bowl. If you had any clue at all, you'd figure out that you suck and then you would keep your mouth shut. Just tell everyone you have petit-mal epilepsy and then don't speak again for the rest of the year. I know you're graduating so let me give you some advice, Sucking cock is no way to move up the corporate ladder. Only cocksuckers make it to the top. Kiss my ass and toke a bowl.
REZ #47
P.S. Would you please learn to land it in the toilet? The splash is okay but the brown streeaks give me dry heaves.

Who is trying to tell me that Meddle is better than Dark Side of the Moon?

My RA is so cool. He can suck two cocks at once; mine and Pedro's. Thanks, it's all good.

To the nice Earl's employee w/ the orange hair who gave me this pen to write a personal-
Let me repay you by letting you ram ur 9inch cock all night this weekend. If it weren't for you I'd probably go kill myself.
Love,
Your faithful Earl's shopper
P.S.(Don't forget to bring over some of that left-over whippcream.)

Hey you cock-sucking vergazo at Blacks, Just because you're a rich fucker and live in La Jolla and drive a gay-ass Expedition doesn't make you anything. Not everybody has a key, you bastard, and I'd like to drive down there every chance I get. But when cumballs like you go out of your way to lock the gate in my face and then laugh, you deserve the fucking flat tires and broken headlights I gave you. I hope you drown in dirty hepatitis-polluted water!

Hey yo, Doctor French,
You're the bomb, fool! And you almost make that shit interesting. Almost. But not enough to keep me awake for the entire class. Sorry. Keep up the six pack analogies though, those I can relate to.

This is for that left-handed hottie with the glasses in Econ 1B:
You brighten up my day, and make sitting there for an hour and a half hearing that crazy bitch ask us questions almost bearable. It almost makes puberty enjoyable, too. I'd ask you out, but I'm only thirteen and my mom would have to drive us. But in a few years... Watch out, Mama! Here I come!

How Many Optical Illusions can you find on Page 4??? I've found ten, and I've been tripping off them for days!!!
-Joe

Blanket Master:
Don't think that just because you got a long goose down that I am gonna run.

To the gal in the Guardian office who keeps loaning me scissors-
You're kinda hot. Though strict regulations prevent me from coming within fifty feet of a Guardian Staffer, feel free to stop by for a beer anytime.
-That guy who keeps bogarting your scissors

The Personals Just Don't Quit!

But we didn't write them. A lot of people try to guess which Personals are "real", and which ones we made up. These people are morons. We did not write any of these Personals, hear? Damn, I'm glad that's settled.

To my roommate-
I fuckin hate you! Why in the world are you so fucked up in the head. See a fuckin counselor you ugly ass gay mother fucker. Get a fuckin life! Oh yeah, I'm not your god damned friend!
Love,
Your disgruntled roommate

To my suitemate,
I fucked your boyfriend that weekend you got fucked up in TJ w/ your friend from home. I'm serious. It was in the shower.
Sincerely,
the one who never liked you much anyway

I am not gay and I don't steal powerbars!

To the pussy narc in A-House (Aaron)
Learn how to solve your stupid whiny problems without crying to the Res-Life office.

To my hommies DRE & Willie Montaya: The Bitches, Hoes and all the sluts in the world are waiting for 3 of us, Let's go get them bitches & show 'em what's up with our 3 huge cocks!
-Pimps up
Hoes Down
Ed's Note:
You're not fooling anyone with your machismo. You are obviously gay.

To the womanizing bastard on Argo 2.
Please, get a fucking life.
-Anonymous

To my suitemate,
Since you are such an asshole, let me clear some shit up for you: Smoke shit outside, not in the suite. When you take a leak, aim first. Your laugh bugs the shit out of the rest of us. Why don't you just leave now, so that you have the dignity of not being kicked out of school.
-Your loving suitemates

To Jedd-whore:
You don't come to this school, yet you spend more time here than I do. Get a job you flaming homosexual!

To that ugly, fat, borderline retarded "state cop" who busted me in Roosevelt:
I know it must be frustrating to know that you're way too fat and stupid to ever get laid, but don't take it out on me, ASSHOLE! Same goes for Assistant Res Dean Gerri. Choke on your own shit and die!
-Smoking Wolf

PERSONALS OF THE MONTH

To the BIG STUD on the Ballroom Dance Team:
I drool over your hard ass everytime I see you in the window at RIMAC. I want to have wild, raw animal sex with you....To be continued...
-Sex-crazed woman at RIMAC

To the dickless faggots, A.K.A. the Koala staff:
Why don't you ever print my shit. What? is it not vulgar enough? Do you want me to type it? Fuck you. Eat a dick and die!!! I'm funny damn it! Oh, yeah, I can outdrink and outsmoke any of you bitches.
Sincerely,
yPM (the yellow Pussy Magnet)
p.s. I would write for your asses but I don't wake up by 4:20 and you still wouldn't print my shit anyways.
pps. Sarah McLachlan... I'd like to cut her head off and stick my dick in her throat.
Ed's Note:
I'm not familiar with your work, but judging from your personal, I'd have to conjecture that we don't publish it because you're not funny.
Sincerely,
Ed.
p.s. Imbibe Mickey's™ Fine Malt Liquor!
p.p.s. Fuck You!

To that bald ass Hum 1 Prof-
You and the class laughed at me when I asked if Jesus was black. Just wait till my Ghetto Jesus does a drive-by on you & puts a cap in yo ass. Biyaaaaatch!
-Signed your buddha lovin student,
MARY JANE

For Mr. Backhair in My Calc 20C class-
Do you have no inner monologue?! 'Cause we can all hear every fucking word you say to yourself. Or is it that the voices in your head are just to loud for you to handle on your own? Oh- and another thing, if you try to have one more personal interaction with our prof- don't be surprised if you find my pencil in the back of your neck!
Love,
Your Arch-Enemy
P.S. The same thing applies to that balding-blonde kid in my chem 6A class.

To the Motherfuckers who are in charge of Parking-
Suck on yourself you whores.

To those fine ass asian girls in my Philosophy 27 class,
If you're going to wear those skanky outfits in class why don't you come on over to my place and show me the little you hide instead of tearing me with that ass.
-Menace

To the Koala-
Fuck you, up the asshole, no vasaline.
-Slim Shady
A Concerned Student

Warren Writing honors crew-
2 words... Group Orgy!!

To annoying 1rst floor suitemate-
The sounds of your voice only make me hate you more. Close your mouth b4 I sew it shut.
-irritated in Warren

To the water polo team:
Uh... double up.. uh uh!
-A fan
Ed's note: Quoting Sir-Mix-A-Lot is no longer "in" (not that it ever was)

To Jason-
You're the coolest fucking Anthro T.A. I've ever seen. You can flake my tools anytime!

To the lit. and soc. majors who think you have a clue-
You don't. Give up and stop whining about your pathetic classes!
-everyone

To all those fine women who keep going into the Eucalyptus Lounge:
What the Hell's going on in there? I need to know!

Dear roomie-
Why must you be an asexual amoeba? I long to feel your tender touch. Please justify my love.
Tenderly yours,
Precious

To Mickey™
That's some Fine Malt Liquor.

There might just be some more Personals on page 13... Why don't you look and find out?

MO' PERSONALS FO YO WACK ASSES

We did not write these Personals... You really think we have nothing better to do than sit here writing four pages worth of personals? Of course not, silly. We were much too busy feverishly studying O-chem. Cause we love O-chem. OK, none of us were actually foolish enough to take O-chem. You got us there.

To my favorite Piano Player with the bubble butt,
The sight of you in tights completely baffles me and I'm so glad that you bought tightie-whities! Woo-hoo! You're a hunk-a-hunk-a burning love!

Bitch, you're fat. STOP EATING!

To my fucking whore ass roommate,
Quit thinking that you're fucking god's gift to men.. the only reason anyone would want a piece of your loose-ass pussy is because it's free.. and stop jacking up other people's stuff.. I hate your skanky ass so quit pretending to be nice to me.. oh yeah.. FUCK YOU!! Thanks, your "little princess" of a roommate.

To all those trick ass bitches -
we are so OTB that it isn't even funny. Watch your asses or we'll roll you "straight" to hell. Love,
the DL corner

To that Stalin look alike bastard in HIEU 146-
Keep your commie ass comments to yourself. I don't care how smart you think you are. Bite my imperialistic ass.

It's not easy, it's simple.

To the punk-ass hat boy in last quarter's HIUS 130 - you do not have to eat 2 bags of chips each lecture - it's rude and it's never going to attract any women. Oh, and keep your shirt on - none of us want to see your pimple-ridden shoulders.

Every time a bubble pops, a little kitty dies.

I live on the 10th floor of Tioga, trust me, it's a tumor.

Posh Spice - I love you. Love,
Abercrombie Spice

Heard of the Valentine's Day mass murderer? He apparently attacks res halls in Southern California that are shaped like "I"s. Move out now.
ThanX.

To my short loser roommate with no life:
Nobody's listening to your bitching, your laugh sounds like a cross between a hyena and Jim Carrey in Dumb and Dumber, stop jacking off when I'm gone, everybody hates you and that chick you want so bad helped me write this so GIVE UP! Love,
the only friends you think you have.

To all you motherfuckers who let your pagers and cell phones beep and ring in class, fuck off. Especially that bitch in my math section, who tried to fucking talk on her phone in class. I don't know who the hell is so important that needs to call you, but fuck off.

It seems to me that virtually any woman of depth and approachability at this institution tends to be confused beyond help. I fear for the future.
- A 6th-year student

Hey Sweetvanilla,
Wassup biotch? Come bust a cap in da foo's cursed ass. Get jiggy wid yo' hommies. Peace, be cool
- Strawberry Creame (Pretty fly for a white girl)

What's with that movie "The Other Sister"? As if anyone wants to watch a couple of retards make whoopie

I give Gene Siskel's death a thumbs down!

Question - How many gallons of gasonline does it take to drive a group of Calpirg protesters to demonstrate 'front an Arco gas station?
Answer - a hell of a lot if their poster boy Al Gore joins them - when he's finished his 3000 sq. foot deck made of ancient-growth pine trees.
- The TheoE fan club

This is for the dipshit at plaza. You assfucker screwed me out of my rightful meal. That taco was mine and any asshole with shit for brains would agree. Maybe you should have your mom fuck you more often, then you would bein a better mood.

Angela,
You fucking whore ass liar. I wish I never met your crazy ass. Fuck U!
-Dumb one who got 2 know u

To chanara-bing!
Hey hooker, are you chillin' like a villain?
-your neighbor

Bitch! Fuck you! Let's get motherfuckin fucked? Mothafucka! Cum on YOUR side of the room next time, though. Mm! And show me how you want to do me. But don't tell my boyfriend. Whatever, Bitch!
-The Rulers of this school.
Ed's Note: What?

To the guy w/ the same North Face backpack as me: wanna fuck?

She-Ra
To that fine ass chick, She-Ra. you know who you be.. I'm He-Man... just get rid of that fuckin' wart and I'm all yours. see you in theatre class!

To those BITCHES that are always eating in Bender's math class. Shut up when you eat!

To that twitch faced napoleonic track coach Mike:
where the fuck do do come off talkin' 'bout Jordan can't run a sub II in the 100. I'd like to see your white trash ass run it in sub II you fat pot belly wet-tard. With my nutts in your tonsils.
-Makaveli

To Dirk,
Even though you have problems keeping it up, I still love to fuck your big ass cock. I've never had bigger or better.
-steamy shower puss

To my roomate's "nigga":
Why don't you go get a fucking job and if you have one get a better one. Hey loser why don't you go to school and get an education. Stay out of my fuckin' room cause you smell like ass.
-your roommate

To CS 100W Prof:
I piss on your head you little bitch!
-Allen

To the tall thin guy w/ sandy hair who works at the Pub, Dump the girl, keep the guitar, and hug a tree next year. We're gonna miss you.

Fine SAF looking for well-hung SWM on Koala Staff. Preferably named Sky.. all i gotta say is DAMN Hook me up!!
Please call 555-0214 ask for "*asian babee*"

Nappy Dave:
Next time you pound on my door I'm going to take that triple latte and shove it up your ass. Would you like cream with that?
-sweetie pie

Matt & Paul:
If I ever catch the two of you together again I'm outta here!
-sweet thang

If you look to the left side of the aircraft, you'll see more Personals

PERSONALZ IN THA HIZOUSE

WE DID NOT WRITE THESE PERSONALS. HIS HOLINESS, POPE JOHN PAUL II WROTE THEM ALL, AND IF THE POPE WROTE THEM, THEY MUST BE OK. SO DON'T SUE US, OR YOU'LL FACE THE WRATH OF THE ALMIGHTY!

To my whore roomate-
Why do you have to fuck that cock sucking dickweed boyfriend on our bunkbeds every night? If you screw one more time I'll slit you mother fuckers from your nuts to your noses, cut off your heads & piss down your throats.
Sincerely,
A militant lesbian

Strawberry Cream-
Get you sweet pink ass over here and give Sweet Vanilla some of your good lovin'!
Love & Kisses
Sweet Vanilla

I eat mule shit and shit apple juice, or just plain apples sometimes.

To the whore known as Monica-
Why you be a player bitch? Don't be messin with my ghetto ass, cause I'll fuck your shit up!
Love,
Your Pimp Daddy
P.S.(No one likes you!)

To those pathetic fools that go to RIMAC trying to be men-
Why don't you put some weights on the fucking bar instead of just benching the weight of my monster cock. Get real, my grandmother is stronger than your puny asses. Go home and jack off a couple of times a day. That's a better work out for you and about the right size to handle.
-The Incredible Hulk
Ed's Note: Huh?

4-door-Integra boy
To that fucker with the white 4 door Integra that parks by OVT... your car is so fucking weak... you think your car is all that with your 2 fucking air Freshen-ers... why can't you do shit when i'm in my car? fuck you bitch, i'll kill you

Hey Matt,
You bastard in my Physics class. Keep your fly up and stop panting @ Mike
LSW

To Cyrus:
That was so funny when those girls yelled at you and threatened to beat your ass. You were scared, huh? dyke bitch. Btw, stop pretending you have a girl-friend.

Single Asian Female looking for someone to gether groove on w/ for one night. If ur man enough call 1-800-BOOTY-CALL.
[Ed's note- I'm your man right here baby! But I can't get your phone number to work. What's up with that? Anyway, why don't you call me at 1-800-KOALA-STUD]
[Note from the real editor- I didn't write that last note, so why is it called 'Ed's note'? Maybe some guy named Ed wrote it.]

To our suitemate: what the fuck is your problem?!? Why do you think we fuckin hate you so damn much? You smell like fuckin shit, you look like ass and you're always around! Can't you see that if you moved out, it would make EVERYONE happy? By the way, why the hell can't you make friends!?!? Are you socially deficient or sumpin?

To the Asian Cutie that comes to RIMAC around 3:30-
I see you, you see me. Shoot, let's just see each other. It doesn't have to be hard, just give me your number or a slap in face and I'll get the clue.
-Korean Stallion

To the satan in the rice rocket: your spoiwa might be large but you still drive a Civic.

To Hoochtown-
I'm sorry I flushed the fish. Don't hate me forever.

White Male
5'10"
150 Lbs.
Brown Hair
Brown Eyes
Likes drinking, bon-fires on beach and just hanging out.
leave message 1-800-HOTNBLOODY
Christenberry

To my sicko of a suitemate,
I found your vibrating vagina. That's nasty. You're ugly as hell, but can't you get any pussy? Even a fat one?

Personals bags are inside M.O.M., Earl's Place, outside Argo Hall, York Hall, the Koala Office, and in Joe Leventhal's Apartment (Ring the doorbell repeatedly for access)
The re are more Personals on page 15, too

COME TO THE KOALA RECRUITMENT MEETING

We really need:
*Artists
*People who aren't Freaks
*Writers
*Anybody with two heads, I'd sure like to see that
*People with extra beer

It's on Fridays @4:20
In the A.S. Media Lounge
chillin' above
Silky Soft Reserves.

OR THESE CHILDREN WILL NEVER SEE THEIR PARENTS AGAIN!